THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, December 19, 1808.

Narrow Escape of a Gentleman in India from the Attack of a Buffalo.

I Strolled about a mile and a half from my boats, when feeling the sun rather powerful, I made towards a tope,* which I observed at a short distance off, with an intention of procuring some toddy, or cocoa-nut milk, to quench my thirst. I had not proceeded far on this route, when Mungloo, who accompanied me with my ammunition, called out to me to take care, for we were pursued by a wild buffalo. I turned round and saw it, but at so great a distance that I could hardly suppose it was in pursuit of us, and stopped some time to ascertain the course it was pursuing, against the earnest remonstrances of the lad; but I was very near suffering for my rashness. The buffalo approached with great rapidity; and that we were the objects of his fury was now very evident. I therefore made for the tope as fast as I could run; but my speed was not likely to avail me much, for I had three or four hundred yards between me and a place of safety, when I could distinctly hear the buffalo snorting in my rear. The fowling-piece in my hand, loaded with small shot, would have made no impression on his tough hide; in this exigency, almost despairing of effecting an escape, a lucky thought struck me, which I immediately put in practice, and providentially extricated myself from the imminently perilous situation in which I was involved. I had frequently been told that this animal's anger was particularly excited by any thing of a red colour, and poor Mungloo's turban being of that hue, I took it off his head, and threw it behind me towards the buffalo; this

* A grove.

immediately drew his attention from us; he tossed it up in the air, stamped upon, and spurned it with the most violent fury; the folds of the turban, by being tossed about, became disentangled, and consequently exposed a larger portion of the obnoxious colour to his view; this added fresh fuel to his rage, and enabled us to reach the tope, and make a safe lodgment in a mangoe tree.

When he had amused himself some time with the turban, he made towards our retreat; although we were safe enough in our elevated situation, I could not entirely divest myself of apprehension, as I had been informed that these animals would keep a person in a tree for several hours, by remaining at the foot of it until some other object excited their attention; but I was not put to this inconvenience; there happened to be grazing in the tope two unfortunate asses, with their fore legs fastened to prevent them straying too far. The buffalo attacked them with the utmost ferocity, and soon left them extended on the ground; after this exploit he went out of the tope on the opposite side, and scampered across the plain towards a jungle at some distance off.

I descended from the tree, and returned to my boats, grateful for my escape, and now understood from some of my people that this part of the island of Cossimbuzar was famous for a breed of fierce wild buffalos, an animal certainly one of the most dangerous, as well as the most courageous in India; hardly any thing is safe from his fury, and he will as fearlessly attack a royal tiger as he would a kid; the colour is of a dirty brown approaching to black, the horns large, and resupinated, the eyes very full and peculiarly savage, and the tongue rough as a file; in short, his countenance exhibits such hideous traits of ferocity as to appal the stoutest beholder; some of the males are near six feet high, and large in proportion. They are not so dangerous in a herd as when alone, and a female with a young calf is the most dangerous of any.

A gentleman of my acquaintance had once a very narrow escape from one of the latter description; he was out on a hog-hunting party, well mounted, and armed with a spear. Having started a wild hog, he pursued his game towards a neighbouring jungle over some very rough ground, when suddenly a cow buffalo with a young calf stopped his career. Aware of his inability to contend with so formidable an enemy, he endeavoured to effect his escape, but the roughness of the ground impeded his horse's progress, and gave the enemy a decided superiority in point of speed. He saw his danger, and with a happy presence of mind wheeled his horse round, and buried his spear in the body of the calf, which immediately fell; the moans of the little animal diverted the mother from her pursuit, her natural ferocity gave way to maternal affection,

fection, and her endeavours to assist her offspring enabled my friend to escape.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 60.

TO THE EDITOR.

Nemo adeo ferus est, qui non mitescere possit,
Si modo culturæ patientem præbeat aurem.

HORACE.

None is so savage but he may grow mild,
If to advice a patient ear he leads.

WITHOUT possessing a single particle of affectation, (excuse my vanity in asserting it) I must simply, yet seriously, declare that I cordially sympathize with every object of affliction, from the monarch to the beggar—from the elephant to the mite. It was undoubtedly the intention of the wise and merciful Creator of the Universe, that every link in the chain of vitality should be harmoniously united; and that peace should predominate not only in the animal world, but even in the elements. Unfortunately, however, the fatal fall of man deranged the system of holiness; and outrage and cruelty—*detested* cruelty—ensued. Wherever I turn my eye the melancholy conviction of this truth petrifies the current of sensibility; I shudder at the uplifted hand of the destroyer; and mingle my tears with the blood of slaughtered innocence. Mock me, as you please, ye votaries of Diana! Spurn me from your society—ridicule me in the songs of your triumph! but recollect a period *will* arrive (or at least I sincerely pray that it *may)* when your souls will shrink from the remembrance of your tyranny, and feelingly regret the sufferings you have so wantonly inflicted. You call it "sporting,"—*sporting!!* Gracious Providence! is it possible that man—proud man—endued with *reason,* and instructed by the mild precepts of Christianity—is it *possible* that such a being, formed after the image of his Maker, should deliberately spill the blood of helpless, unprotected innocence, and call it *sporting?* Oh shield me from such madness—from such a perversion of common language and common sense! Rather let me exclaim with the amiable Sterne—

"Dear sensibility! source inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows! thou chainest the martyr down upon the bed of straw, and 'tis thou that liftest him up to *Heaven*—eternal fountain of our feelings!—'tis here I trace

thee—and this is thy '*divinity that stirs within me*,'—not, that in some sad and sickening moment '*my soul shrinks back upon herself, and startles at destruction*,'—mere pomp of words! but that I feel some generous joys and generous cares beyond myself—all comes from thee, great—great *sensorium* of the world! which vibrates, if a hair of our heads but fall upon the ground in the remotest desert of thy creation. Touched with thee, Eugenius draws my curtain when I languish—hears my tale of symptoms, and blames the weather for the disorder of his nerves. Thou givest a portion of it sometimes to the roughest peasant who traverses the bleakest mountains—he finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock—this moment I beheld him leaning with his head against his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it! Oh! had I come one moment sooner! it bleeds to death—his gentle heart bleeds with it.

Peace to thee, generous swain! I see thou walkest off with anguish—but thy joys shall balance it—for happy is thy cottage, and happy is the sharer of it—and happy are the lambs that sport about you."

Instead of adding another idea of my own, I shall refer your readers, Mr. Editor, to the inimitable Cowper; the Blackbirds, an elegy by Jago; and the Partridges, by Pratt.

Yours, &c. &c.

X.

MR. EDITOR,

The friend to whom you are indebted for the remarks on *sirnames*, has sent me the following anecdote for the Letter-Box, which I shall copy with much pleasure—hoping he will continue his contributions as frequently as leisure allows him.

THE RIVAL PHILOSOPHERS,

Or, The Effects of a Good Dinner.

At the last annual meeting of the faculty and men of science at the London Tavern, the conversation chanced to turn entirely on the late improvements in pneumatic chemistry. One Dr. *Ayrs* argued with great warmth on the importance of oxygen gas, which he considered the greatest discovery of the age, as it opened such a vast field unknown to the ancients, and he trusted it would soon be more generally introduced into the practice of medicine, as he could prove it to be a specific in very many diseases. The doctor here enumerated several of his experiments to shew how much longer an animal can exist in the same quantity of oxygen gas, to what it can in common air. This, he said, was a *hint* that he intended to improve on, and hoped soon to bring this gas to such a state

of

of perfection as to enable people *to live on it alone*, without the assistance of *food*. A gentleman, well-known in the literary world by the name of *Cook*, was his opponent. He thought the doctor rather too sanguine in his expectations, and mentioned some cases of the fatal effects that followed the inhalation of the favourite gas. The debate grew warm —many supporters started on each side of the question, which kept up the argument some time beyond the usual hour of dinner, when both parties, not satisfied with such slender diet, adjourned to the next room, where more substantial fare awaited their arrival, which soon restored harmony and good-humour amongst them all.

As soon as the cloth was removed, one of the company (a waggish sort of a fellow) full of wit and roast beef, who during the dispute had remained silent, observing the unanimity of the late contending parties, got up, and, addressing himself to the head of the table, said—

"Mr. President—Though by my hearty meal you may think I belong to the *cook's* list, I assure you I have too much of the camelion in my constitution not to be a great admirer of *Ayrs*—and as we are all friends again, I beg leave to propose, in the same bumper, 'The health of the reconciled opponents,' for though the *doctor* has not shewn himself the best *cook*, our *dinner* has proved *cook* to be the best *doctor!*"

R.

DISCOVERY OF MADEIRA.

IN the year 1344, in the reign of Peter IV. king of Arragon, the island of Madeira was discovered by an Englishman, named Macham, who sailing from England to Spain, with a lady whom he had carried off, was driven by a tempest to this island, and cast anchor in the harbour, or bay, now called Machico, after the name of Macham. His mistress being sea-sick, he took her to land, with some of his company, where she died, and the ship drove out to sea. As he had a most tender affection for his mistress, he built a chapel, or hermitage, which he called Jesus, and buried her in it; and inscribed on her tombstone his and her name, and the occasion of their coming there. In the island are very large trees, of one of which he and his men made a boat, and went to sea in it, and were cast upon the shore of Africa, without sail or oars. The Moors were infinitely surprised at the sight of them, and presented Macham to their king, who sent him and his companions to the king of Castile, as a prodigy, or miracle.

In 1395, Henry III of Castile, by the information of Macham, persuaded some of his mariners to go in search of this

isl and, and of the Canaries. In 1417, King John II. of Castile, his mother Catharine being then regent, one M. Ruben, of Bracamont, admiral of France, having demanded and obtained of the queen the conquest of the Canaries, with the title of king for a kinsman of his, named M. John Betancourt, he departed from Seville with a great army: it is affirmed, that the principal motive that engaged him in his enterprise, was to discover the island of Madeira, which Macham had found. The following elegiac stanzas are founded on the preceding historical fact:—Macham having consigned the body of his beloved mistress to the solitary grave, is supposed to have inscribed on her tombstone the following pathetic lines:—

O'er my poor Anna's lowly grave,
No dirge shall sound, no knell shall ring;
But angels, as the high pines wave,
There half-heard "miserere" sing.

No flow'rs of transient bloom, at eve
The maidens on the turf shall strew;
Nor sigh, as this sad spot they leave,
"Sweets to the sweet, a long adieu."

But, in this wilderness profound,
O'er her the dove shall build her nest;
And ocean swell with softer sound,
A requiem to her dream of rest.

Ah! when shall I as quiet be,
When not a friend, or human eye,
Shall mark beneath the mossy tree,
The spot where we forgotten lie!

To kiss her name on this cold stone,
Is all that now on earth I crave;
For in this world I am alone—
Oh! lay me with her in the grave!

FOR THE WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Female Distress occasioned by Innovations in the English Language.

MR. EDITOR,

I Am an old woman, and though I had what was thought a good English education sixty years ago, and was perfectly familiar with the writings of Dryden, Swift, Pope, Addison, Steele, Richardson, &c. yet our language is so much changed since

since that time, that I can neither read nor understand modern publications. Nor is this the worst; I cannot join in conversation with pleasure, nor express my sentiments like other people. Nay, my own family seem to be alienated from me, especially my husband and sons, who are alarmed and mortified when I speak before company, being conscious that I cannot use the new-fangled jargon of these times, which they have adopted.

When I was married, and for many years after, I had the greatest comfort in conversing with my husband, who then spake the same language as myself, but for a long time past his words have been growing more and more unintelligible, so that now I scarcely know the meaning of one sentence in twenty. With a sorrowful heart, I lately enquired of a good-natured gentleman what brought about this great revolution in our language, which has involved me in much unmerited reproach and contempt. He told me that of all the rebellious insurgents against long-established order, and literary government, the chief leader was one Johnson, a boorish clown, from Lichfield, who, disdaining to work in the Staffordshire coal mines, footed his way to London without shoes or stockings, and was hardly able to enquire for the road on account of his provincial brogue; that he lived in a garret there for some years, as the copying slave of petty-booksellers, who, knowing his extreme distress, and not willing that he should absolutely starve, threw him their offals; that as he had a very imperfect knowledge of English, and much more so of Greek and Latin, he found himself unable to write for the public in either language, but happening in his attic cogitations to recollect how physicians used Greek and Latin words, by cutting off their posteriors, and so making them more acceptable to apothecaries, who understood them better than when they had genders and inflections, he followed up the lucky hint so successfully, that he was soon raised, or rather brought down from obscurity to the full sun-shine of prosperity; that the method he practised was this—taking a Greek lexicon, and a Latin dictionary, he fixed on the longest words, and chopping off their tails he glued on English ones in their stead, so that though the new formed words, like tadpoles, have great thundering heads, and very slender tails, they have wriggled into use; for Englishmen are so fond of every novelty, that they admired these heterogeneous copulations, and encouraged the inventor to insert them in a large dictionary, and to use them in his writings, which some of his contemporaries and most of his successors have apishly imitated.

This is the account which I received from my friend, who sincerely condoled with me in my calamity, assuring me that he equally condemned the revolution, and that, in his opinion,

scarcely any book printed in England within the last twenty years, can be said to be written in the English language, but in a mongrel mixture of Greek, Latin, French, and English. Now, Mr. Editor, as there is no hope of a counter-revolution I am quite sick of this world, and have no help to prepare for the next, except what I can get from my Bible and Prayer-Book.

When I was young I delighted to go to church, and was always much edified by the sermon; but now the parson may as well preach in Arabic for me, as in what I suppose he calls English. I went there last Sunday, and found the prayers very comfortable, and indeed was much pleased when the vicar began to preach on the uncertainty of life, thinking it an excellent subject; but judge of my disappointment, when, to describe the delicate structure, and consequent frailty of the human body, he used the following expressions:—

"How infinitely numerous! how exquisitely fine! how essentially requisite to existence are the parts of the complicated machine! trace the cerebrum from its citadel, the head, as it sallies to the extremities of the system; and, living through millions of branches, sees from the eye, hears in the ear, tastes on the palate, catches sensation over the whole surface of the frame! Follow the current of life, as from its fountain in the heart it explores its way through the fleshy labyrinth, and with innumerable rivulets cherishes and sustains the animal economy! Survey nature in her secret laboratory, digesting, concocting, refining, subliming—and, by an inscrutable process, converting aliment into chyle, chyle into blood, blood into brain, brain into nervous fluid, &c."

Poor fool! thought I, if thou hadst but a little of this brain thou wouldst never preach such stuff to a country congregation; and, taking up my Testament, I read 'till the end of the sermon.

But besides spiritual advantages, I have lost many earthly amusements, by the introduction of a new language, and new philosophy. Adjoining to our house is a large and beautiful garden, in which I used to employ some hours of every fine day, and had much recreation in rearing plants, raising flowers, &c. But now I dread to enter it, for my husband surely follows me, as close as my shadow, and I am tormented to death with what he calls a horticultural catechism. If I take up a flower the questions immediately begin. "My dear, where is the stylus, where the calyx, the corolla? Where are the petals, the stamina, the apices, &c." To which I reply, "My dear husband, I know nothing of all that gibberish; I only know this is the stalk, these are the leaves, and these the seeds." Vexed extremely, he rejoins, "I have no patience with you.

I see you are determined always to remain a fool, but I will discharge my duty." Then he tells me that plants are of two sexes, and labours hard to make me perceive the distinction between male and female, but happily in such technical language as saves my blushes. "Nay," says he, "they have sensation and feeling similar to those of animals, and, without the aid of surrogate or parson, have really a sexual intercourse." This information has given me such concern, that I dread to walk in my flower garden lest I should break the neck of a tulip or polyanthos, and thus occasion unspeakable pain and death to the injured, and distress and lamentation to his parents and friends; for though most articles in the garden are allowed to be medicinal, yet my husband has never told me that they have physicians and surgeons of their own. I dislike to be in the garden too for fear of standing in the way and obstructing amorous messages, or some more interesting operations of love, which may be passing unobserved.

I fancy that French gentleman, at the higher end of the garden, Mousy Pasty Dandelion, Esq. may be sending, on the passing gale, a proposal of union to Miss Flavia Dandelion, at the bottom; and waiting with impatience for a change of wind to bring a favourable answer. I even think I hear him praising her charms—telling her what a fine milky body she has, and what a beautiful head, which outshines that of all the dandelions in the garden; nay, that her fine locks are equal in form and brilliancy to those of a marigold. And at the same time I conceive old Mr. and Mrs. P–s–b–d to be in an agony of grief and apprehension lest Master Mousy Pasty should degrade himself by a connection with that plebeian female, Flavia, who grows in poor earth, and a low situation, while they themselves flourish in an elevated spot, and a rich soil, having sprung up in some old dung formerly thrown out of a hot bed.

But I have not only lost the pleasures of the garden, but those of being alone with my husband, who cannot let his blessed talent for instruction lie dormant for a moment. You may have a notion how happily we spend our time together, by the following dialogue, which passed between us one day this week.

Husband.—My great desire for your improvement, my dear, stimulates me to interrogate you frequently as to your acquisitions in different sciences; and first for natural history.

H.—I picked up this rare and beautiful shell to-day, on the sea-shore, now can you tell me what it is?

W.—Yes, that I can very well, for I have known it from a child; it is a cockle.

H.—(Frowning) I shall never make you understand conchology.

W.—Indeed, my good Sir, I understand cockleology better than you, for I'll swear it is a cockle.

H.—What is a crustaceous animal?

W.—A mite.

H.—A mite! what do you mean?

W.—Why there are ten thousand mites in that old *crust* of cheese there in the tray.

H.—Was there ever such stupidity! But now let me see if you can give a better account of *chemistry*. I have often told you about phlogiston, carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, &c. now can you tell me the meaning of any one of these words at present?

W.—I think I know the meaning of hydragin. It is a gin for catching water-snakes that have many heads.

H.—(Quite angry) I see this will never do. But come can you tell me then what is *pharmacy?*

W.—Ah there, my dear, you have touched upon an unfortunate string, which loudly sounds your disgrace. I have sighed a thousand times to think how our farming is neglected. If you had attended to your oxen and cows, instead of your oxygen and acousticks, and your tom-toddy ologies, we should have been thousands of pounds richer than we are.

Here my husband said, "You mean to insult me," and never spoke a word more 'till the servant announced supper, when hastily tying on a cloth which he had taken off from his finger, he said "My finger is carious and will suppurate." I stared. "What," says he, "don't you know the meaning of that neither?" Desirous of being reconciled, thought I, now I will do my best. *Carious* and *suppurate*—and tying up the cloth quickly, I said it means that you will take *care* of it after you have *supper ate*. He was quite in a rage, and exclaimed, "You incorrigible fool, I only meant that there was matter forming in my finger." I replied, in a shower of tears, "My dear husband, why will you not speak as you did formerly? For more than twenty years after we were married, when you had the like complaint, you used to say, 'Judith, my finger is gathering, and will break,' which I understood very well, and always flew to boil a poultice for you; but now 'tis carious, and will suppurate, and requires a cataplasm, terms of which I know nothing. If I am an *unporrigible* fool, why will you not let me slip out of the world in peace? Why do you torment me every hour of the day about subjects which I shall never comprehend?"

I believe, Mr. Editor, you are sufficiently tired, and therefore out of a thousand mistakes and disasters, which have lately happened in our house, by misinterpreting my husband's hard words, I shall only adduce two, one of which affected myself, and the other our cook.

You

You must know then that we have a most beautiful dairy-maid, called Polly, whose person is really so interesting that many young gentlemen, and even old ones too, frequently give us morning calls, and take care to come through the kitchen, only to catch a glimpse of this fascinating creature. Nay, for some time past, I have even suspected that my husband has taken too much pleasure in looking at her, and in often talking with her longer than was necessary. A little jealousy being thus kindled, I watched his words and actions most closely, and was much grieved to discover that even when engaged in his favourite sciences, he frequently mentioned her name, but joined with more syllables, as if to mislead me. Thus, I have thought, he has called her, at different times, Poiyacoustic, Polypus, Polyglot, Polysyndeton, Polygram, &c. and once, when we sat in the library, quite forgetting himself, as I supposed, after talking about the knowledge of many arts and sciences, I heard him incautiously slip out the word Polymathy, artfully pronouncing it Poly'mathy. This alarmed and terrified me exceedingly, for the girl's real name is Polly Matthew. Indeed I could not support my spirits in his company any longer, and rushing out of the room, I said aloud in my rage, as I went down stairs—" The wanton slut shall not sleep another night in this house."

Soon after this my husband came down hastily, and looking round, as if he feared the girl was gone, he said, in an impatient tone, " Where is my Polly gone?" I was instantly electrified—every nerve trembled—my tongue was palsied—but after using a little hartshorn, and leaning on the back of a chair to prevent my falling, with a faultering voice, and a profusion of tears starting from my eyes, I addressed him in this manner—" O you perfidious man! what! at your time of life to fall in love with a girl young enough to be your granddaughter! *Your* Polly indeed! well now I see all my long surmises are verified; but I never thought you would be so abandoned as to avow your adulterous connection with that impudent wench before your wife and family, and thus ruin your own character, as well as disgrace us all." While I was going on he loudly exclaimed, " Are you frantic, I only ask where is my Polly gone?"

Though somewhat afraid of him, I exerted all my strength of body and mind, and said, " Since you are so extremely anxious to know where *your* Polly is gone, I tell you she is gone to milking, and you may go after her if you please." By this violent exertion all my faculties were now overcome; and, giving a loud but involuntary shriek, I fell senseless on the sofa. My husband, however, compassionated my distressed situation, and sent for a surgeon to bleed me; and, after I had come to myself, he fully convinced me of his innocence, and

my error; for it appears that he had just before been cutting out mathematical figures of a very large size, in pasteboard; and one of them, having many sides, which, it seems, is called a Polygon, and for which he had been enquiring, had been taken away by our grandson to truckle in the garden. But, though I am satisfied that no amour is going on, I shall never like the girl again as long as I live.

With respect to the cook, it happened last evening that some neighbours, quite unexpectedly, came in to drink tea, and never offered to go 'till I thought it necessary to prepare somewhat for supper, and accordingly ordered the cook to get up what she could, and to fry a few black-puddings, which were in the house.

Some time after supper, hearing a noise in the kitchen, I went out to see what was going on; and found the cook swearing most lustily. "Master," says she, "has told an abominable red hot bouncer; he said they were very friable, but I defy the devil himself to make any hand of them; for they have now been more than half an hour in the pan, and are still as hard as the poker, and as black as the infernal himself." Knowing that all the black-puddings had been brought into the parlour, and expecting no explanation from the brute at the fire, I went to my husband to find out what was the matter. He told me that a few days before he had gone to town, and among other things, brought home half a dozen rolls of blacking for his shoes and boots; and remembers, that when he took them into the kitchen, he praised them, and said, that though they would not soil the fingers, they were very *friable*, meaning that they would easily *rub off* in water, or any other fluid; and from this declaration the cook took them to help out supper in the kitchen!

I am, Mr. Editor,
Your afflicted humble servant,
JUDITH ———

Vatum ultimus, December 6, 1808.

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF CANARY BIRDS.

As many take great delight in these little creatures, it may not be deemed superfluous to offer a few words on the care and management of them; since, independent of the pleasure afforded by their harmony, humanity must plead for the helpless prisoners, deprived of their natural enjoyments, and suggest the necessity of those attentions, which alone can preserve their lives, and solace them in confinement. In the winter, particular care should be taken to protect them from the inclemency of the weather; their cages should be cleaned less

less frequently than in summer, and the gravel properly dried before it is put in. Some saffron should be put in their water, and occasionally they should be allowed a little warm milk. Now and then a small quantity of maw-seed, and some hard egg, chopped fine; all green meat must be carefully kept from them. Their common food should be rape and canary seed with a few grains of hemp.

The goldfinch may have a larger proportion of hemp-seed, or some thistle-seed, which is their natural food; if they appear ill, a little pounded chalk may be strewed in the cage, and some saffron mixed in the water.

The linnet must have rape-seed and hemp only; great attention should be paid that their water is not suffered to get foul, as that neglect is alone sufficient to endanger their lives. Those who have valuable birds, would do well to cover them every night, during the winter, with a piece of green baize.

In warm weather fewer precautions are necessary, yet even then they should not be allowed too much green food; their common seeds being the best for them. Neither the goldfinch nor the canary should be allowed hemp-seed in the summer; nor should they at any time be left exposed to the night damps.

A Letter from Mr. Bourne, to his Wife, a few Weeks before his Death.

BEING warned by the hand of God that my dissolution draweth nigh, I thank the divine goodness for giving me this timely notice, and not cutting me off suddenly in the midst of my sins: that he has granted me leisure, and a due sense of my follies and corruptions, and thereby enabled me to make my reconciliation with him, before that I am no more seen. I esteem it as a great instance of his mercy, that he has not afflicted me with any delirium, or disease that would have deprived me of my memory or senses; but has visited me with a distemper, which, however otherwise grievous, has given me time and opportunity to look back into my past life, and with seriousness and attention to consider my latter end.

Upon recollection, I find the offences of my youth and the transgressions of my riper years are so many, that, were not the mercy of God as infinite as his justice, I might despair of pardon. But, through the merits and intercession of a crucified Saviour, I humbly hope forgiveness. As the Almighty has himself declared that he delighteth not in the death of a sinner, I beseech him that his extensive compassion may reach even unto me; and in dutiful confidence thereof, I submit myself

self to his holy will, with resignation, constancy, and cheerfulness.

For that part of my behaviour that relates to my fellow-creature man; if that should happen to be less exceptionable; if I have not willingly and deliberately injured my neighbour, by calumny, oppression, or extortion, not unto me, but unto God be the praise. I hope it may in some measure compensate for my many other misdeeds, and so far procure the favour and candour of all those who are so sensible of their own failings as to overlook and forget mine.

There is one thing which I have often heard myself charged with; and that is my neglect of entering into holy orders, and a due preparation for that sacred office. Though I think myself in strictness answerable to none but God and my own conscience; yet, for the satisfaction of the person that is dearest to me, I own and declare, that the importance of so great a charge, joined with a mistrust of my own sufficiency, made me fearful of undertaking it: if I have not in that capacity assisted in the salvation of souls, I have not been the means of losing any: if I have not brought reputation to the function by any merit of mine, I have the comfort of this reflection, I have given no scandal to it, by my meanness and unworthiness. It has been my sincere desire, though not my happiness, to be as useful in my little sphere of life as possible: my own inclinations would have led me to a more likely way of being serviceable, if I might have pursued them; however, as the method of education I have been brought up in was, I am satisfied, very kindly intended, I have nothing to find fault with, but a wrong choice, and the not knowing those disabilities I have since been truly conscious of: those difficulties I have endeavoured to get over; but found them insuperable. It has been the knowledge of those discouragements, that has given me the greatest uneasiness I have ever met with: that has been the chief subject of my sleeping as well as my waking thoughts, a fear of reproach and contempt.

To the question, what I now am? I answer, an unhappy composition of weakness, folly, and sin; but what I shall be hereafter, is that which startles and perplexes me. Here I am lost in amazement and dread! The most pleasing and the dearest engagements of this world, as having nothing in them solid, sincere, or lasting, I could readily forego: but the looking for of that unknown state, into which I am to enter when I put off this body of frailty and corruption, is confounding and terrible. The prospect into futurity is all darkness and uncertainty; nor can the nearest relation or friend, who is gone before me, repass the gulph that is fixed between us, to give me the least notice or intimation of it. It is this thought that forbids me, polluted as I now am, though ever so much wearied

with life, to wish for my dissolution; this reminds me, that, though the body be sleeping and mouldering in the grave, the soul dieth not, nor yet slumbereth: the place and condition of unbodied spirits, who of all mankind knoweth? What thought can conceive that which the eye never saw, nor the ear heard of! Who shall inform me of that state, from whence there is no return?

Surely there is a reward for the righteous; the souls of the faithful after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are undoubtedly in joy and felicity; but then where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear? where shall I, who have spent many years in idleness and vanity, and have no merit of my own to plead for me! where shall I, who have not treasured up one good work to bespeak the favour of the Almighty; and have only the sufferings of Jesus Christ, and those very sufferings often slighted, trampled on, and rejected by me, to offer in my behalf?

But oh! may the goodness of God, if there be still mercy left for me, while it is yet called to-day, before the night cometh on, so assist me with his grace in working out my salvation, that neither the desire of life, nor the dread of death, may withdraw my thoughts from him! but that, in this my day, I may consider the things which make for my peace, before they are hid from my eyes. In humble confidence thereof, and in full assurance of his most gracious mercy to all returning sinners, I will endeavour to fortify and prepare myself against the terrors of death.

EXTRAORDINARY NATURAL CURIOSITY.

AT a place called Catsgrove, near Reading, in Berkshire, is to be seen a natural curiosity, not noticed by Camden, in his description of that county, where are different strata of earth, and, among the rest, beds of sea sand; from which the workmen belonging to a limekiln on that spot, dig up perfect oysters, firm, and unopened, and shew them to travellers. As the spot upon which this town stands, has not been recorded to have been ever overflowed, it is imagined that the oysters, and other substances, dug up at Catsgrove, are the consequences of some subterraneous eruption, whereby the sea has shifted its place and boundary, and left the diversity of sea strata, oysters, and other marine substances, as they are found, and appear from the said shifting cause; which cause is the change of situation of the sea, overflowing vast tracts of dry ground, and leaving others which were covered with sea, to unbosom their variety of fossils, or textures of an earthly substance; or else to be covered with verdure, as the seeds of vegetables

scattered

scattered up and down the substance of the whole earth, and the impregnating air took effect.

SALT-CELLAR.

A Salt-cellar, says Dr. Johnson, is so called from *salt* and *cellar:* in this case it ought not to mean a vessel of salt set on the table, but rather a cell under-ground where salt is stored. Probably the French *saliére* is the real root of the latter half of the word, in which case the word *salt* is a superfluous part of the compound. We have many such tautologous combinations which give both the English and French name. Such are but-end, robin-red breast, wine-vinegar.

Why has it been esteemed unlucky to overturn a salt-cellar? This superstition derives from pagan Rome; where the salt-dish was a holy platter, in which the firstlings of the feast were offered to the gods, and which was usually ornamented with the figure of some divinity. "Sacras facitis mensas salinorum appositu, et simulacris deorum." And again Livy: "Ut salinum patellamque deorum causâ habeant." And Horace: "Paternum splendet mensâ tenui salinum." And Statius: "Exiguo placuerunt farre salina." To overturn altars and images of the gods, was naturally held ominous.

Anecdotes of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex.

THIS nobleman is recorded among the noble authors of England, for no other reason than Coxeter having seen one of Ovid's Epistles translated by him. This has been lost, and if it could be recovered, would only be valued as a curiosity. A few of his sonnets are in the Ashmolean Museum, which have no marks of poetic genius. He is a vigorous and elegant writer of prose. But if Essex was no poet, few noblemen of his age were more courted by poets. From Spenser to the lowest rhymer, he was the subject of numerous sonnets, or popular ballads. Even Sydney cannot be excepted. Evidence might be produced to prove, that he scarcely ever went out of England, or even left London, on the most frivolous enterprise, without a pastoral in his praise, or a panegyric in metre, which were sold and sung in the streets. Having interested himself in the fashionable poetry of the times, he was placed high in the ideal Arcadia then just established. And among other instances which might be adduced—on his return from Portugal, in 1589, he was complimented with a poem, called "An Egloge gratulatorie, intituled to the Right Honorable and renowned

nowned Shepherd of Albion's Arcadia, and for his return lately into England." This is a light in which Lord Essex is seldom viewed.

It may be questioned, if the queen's fatal partiality, or his own inherent attraction, his love of literature, his heroism, integrity, and generosity, qualities which abundantly overbalance his presumption, his vanity, and impetuosity, had the greatest share in dictating these praises. If adulation were any where justifiable, it must be when paid to the man who endeavoured to save Spenser from starving in the streets of Dublin, and who buried him in Westminster Abbey with becoming solemnity. Spenser was persecuted by Burleigh because he was patronized by Essex.

An ANECDOTE.

ARCHIDAMAS, as he was on the next day to commence a battle in Arcadia, encouraged the Spartiatæ or Lacedemonians. In the night he raised an altar, adorned it with the brightest armour, and led two horses around it. As soon as it was day, the leaders of the cohorts and the centurions seeing the new arms, the steps of two horses, and the altar risen up, as it were, of its own accord, went and reported that Castor and Pollux were come to fight with them. The soldiers taking courage, and fired with a martial spirit, fought nobly, and conquered the Arcadians.

ALICE PIERCE.

IN the forty-eighth year of King Edward the Third, (A. D. 1375) Dame Alice Perrers or Pierce, the king's concubine, rode as lady of the sun from the Tower of London through Cheapside, accompanied by many lords and ladies, every lady leading a lord by his horse's bridle, 'till they came into West Smitfield, and then began a great *just*, which endured seven days after, says Howell in his Londinoplis, 1657.

A QUESTION, *by Philonewtoniasmus.*

AS the motion of a line constitutes a superficies, so the motion of a superficies does a solid; that is a superficies is a part of a solid, a solid being a series of superficies; wherefore a superficies has thickness.—Required, arguments to prove the contrary.

Answer, by J. W. of Charmouth, to W. Bickham's Charade, inserted October the 17th.

TO GREENLAND sail our merchants bold,
Nor fear the climate's piercing cold

*** We have received similar answers from J. Ball, J. French, and J. Patten, at Evershot school; W. D. Champion, H. B. and John Melhuish, of Bridgewater; Radius, of Noss Revelstoke school; R. Withall, Plymouth; H. Easter, of Poole; T. Whicker, P. G. and J. Saunders, of Exeter; John Woodman, of North Curry; W. Kent, near Camelford; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; F. Arden, and S. Duck, of South Petherton; I. Colley, of St. German's; J. Fry, of Curry Rivell; G. Spry, Egg Buckland; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; and J. Gidley, jun. of Dean Prior.

Answer, by R. Loosemore, of Tiverton, to J. A. Dyer's Rebus, inserted October the 24th.

'TIS CASH that makes fair commerce smile,
Throughout the British nation;
Soon may fair peace adorn our isle,
And liquidate taxation.

*** Similar answers have been received from John Treadwin, and J. Saunders, of Exeter; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; H. Easter, of Poole; W. Kent, near Camelford; J. Ball, J. French, and J. Patten, at Evershot school; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; J. Woodman, of North Curry; Radius, of Noss Revelstoke school; G. Spry, of Egg Buckland; F. Arden, S. Duck, and P. G. of South Petherton; J. W. of Charmouth; J. Woodman, of North Curry; Philo Musæus, of Yeovil; J. Fry, of Curry Rivell; A. Z. of Honiton; and T. Pearse, of Chard.

A REBUS, *by J. Melhuish, of Honiton.*

FAM'D gentlemen, my first to ken,
A valley must be found,
And that you may my next display
A scripture name expound.

These parts disclos'd will, when transpos'd,
If it be done compleat,
Set forth to view, in order true,
The name of freedom's seat.

A CHARADE, *by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater.*

WHEN the blind little boy takes a dart from his quiver,
And wounds, with my second, my heart;
Oh! should the bright object my first prove for ever,
What happiness it will impart.

But when that our hands by my third are united,
What bliss then with mine shall compare!
And Oh! may our happiness never be blighted
By jealousy, discord, or care.

My whole, which requires but a faint explanation,
Ere this I suppose you've defin'd;
But still to assist you, take this information,
It is of my last an odd kind.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Praise to God arising from a View of Nature.

HAIL king supreme! all wise and good!
To thee our thoughts we raise;
While nature's beauties, wide display'd,
Inspire our souls with praise.

At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Thy works engage our view;
Oft as we gaze our hearts exult
With transports ever new.

Thy glory beams in every star,
Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the rising face of morn
With rays of cheering light.

The sunny hills, the dewy lawn,
With thousand beauties shine;
The silent grave, and awful shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.

From tree to tree a constant hymn
Employs the feather'd throng;
To thee their chearful notes they swell,
And chant their grateful song.

Great nature's God! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage!
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page.

South Petherton. FRED. ARDEN.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

THE METEOR.

THO' misty vapours had obscur'd the sky,
At night a meteor from the earth arose,
Whose glimm'ring lustre caught my wand'ring eye,
But soon its brilliancy was at a close.
Its speedy exit in the ambient air,
Amid the darkness of the gloomy night,
Fill'd me with contemplation at the sight,
And thus reflecting my ideas ran—
In life what dazzling pleasures oft appear
To captivate the tender heart of man:
Who follows on, its transient bliss to share,
'Till it, alas! defeats his fond desires,
When, like the meteor, all its joy expires,
Leaving his state debas'd, his constitution wan.

Tiverton. R. LOOSEMORE.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

LINES WRITTEN BY MOON LIGHT.

HAIL beauteous orb! hail queen of night;
Now shining with thy borrow'd light:
How lovely is thy pleasing ray!
That sheds around a softer day.
When mounted on thy lucid car,
Thy milder radiance beams afar,
How charming, 'midst the vernal scene,
When clouds nor vapours intervene,
To walk the groves, sea-coast, or hills,
And taste the sweets that nature yields:
While planets thro' their orbits roll,
And glitt'ring stars illume the pole,
Each speaking loud the Almighty Hand,
That doth the universe command:
That hung thee on the brow of night,
And blest thee with thy modest light;
And when the brighter sun retires,
And sober eve lights up her fires,
He bids thy chariot mount the sky,
And a serener day supply.
How sweet, fair planet! must it be
To travellers lost thy face to see!
When, wilder'd in a devious way,
Thro' lonely wilds compell'd to stray,
They hail thy presence with a song,
And with fresh courage trip along.

Shine on, fair queen! 'till morn again,
With rosy fingers, paints the plain;
Shine, while thy minstrel* tunes her song,
Loud thrilling the lone dell along;
While noisy discord far retires,
I'll take my harp, and sweep its wires;
And when thy brother's brighter ray
Shall pour around his floods of day,
To western climes then thou shalt roll,
To bless their night, and cheer the pole;
And bid mankind that hand confess,
That doth the morn and evening bless.

South Petherton, November 2, 1803. S. D.

* The nightingale.

SONNET.

BLEST fancy! I will woo thy soothing power,
When sick and weary with the "hum of men."
My wasted spirit, at the evening hour,
Would seek my childhood's early scenes again.
And even now I see my native hills
In all their dark and gloomy grandeur rise,
Pour down their furrow'd sides the foaming rills,
And hide their misty summits in the skies.
Do I not see that sweet sequestered dale,
And the snug rural cot, my native home?
Beloved scenes! yet what to me avail,
While far from them in the wide world I roam.
For ah! thy visions, fancy, fade away,
And leave me to reality a prey.

W. P.